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JULIA VISITING THE FATHERLESS IN THEIR AFFLICTION.

JULIA CUNNINGHAME;

OR, THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

CHAPTER XIII.

RICH NEIGHBOURS AND POOR NEIGHBOURS.

"Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion."—*COWPER.*

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YOUTH repairs its wasted spirits quickly; and the next morning, when Julia opened her eyes, her headache had vanished, her limbs had regained their wonted elasticity, and she sprung from her pillow, gay and fresh as the happy birds,

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who were already carolling forth their wild but melodious songs. When she threw open her bedroom window, the cool mountain breeze breathing health and vigour, and redolent with a balmy fragrance, kissed her glowing cheek, and waved the light curls that thickly shaded her fair forehead. The scene looked so lovely, so bewitching, so teeming with life and animation, that Julia involuntarily exclaimed, "How enchanting!" and, sitting down where she could still keep in view the sunny landscape as it lay stretched before her, she took her Bible, and turned over its hallowed pages with that sweet feeling of gratitude and thankfulness, so frequently inspired (in a pious and spiritual mind) by a deep sense of the love and wisdom of God, as exhibited in the wonderful works of creation. "What a beautiful world it is!" she thought, "where it has not been marred and defaced by man—oh! most beautiful; and what will it be when purified and renovated, delivered from sin, and when 'the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'"

At this moment a knock at the door interrupted her reflections, and when she opened it, Clara came in. "Up and dressed, Julia? Why, I came to ask you if you would not like to have breakfast in bed this morning, you seemed so very poorly and tired last night."

"I have quite lost my headache now," answered Julia, kissing her cousin. "Thank you, however, for your kind intention; but I should think it quite a shame to keep in bed with the sun shining so brightly, and such a lovely scene as this to admire."

"Well, it is very beautiful, certainly," said Clara, walking to the window; "but sometimes, do you know, I wish we lived in a town—it is so dull here, especially in the winter."

"I think you would soon wish yourself back again, Clara. When I stayed in London for several months, some time ago, the air seemed so thick and impure, that I sometimes felt as if I could hardly breathe; to be sure it was very wet, foggy weather; but, oh! I felt so thankful to leave the smoky, crowded city, and draw in the sweet country air again; my very clothes smelt of smoke when I unpacked them, and I really fancied that my face looked darker than when I left."

"Well, perhaps I should not like to live in a town, after being all my life long in the country; but still, sometimes I do wish to see a little more of life than we do here. Why, sometimes we see no one for days but Mr. Morrison, our deaf old clergyman, and it is provoking."

"To waste your sweetness upon a deaf old gentleman," exclaimed Julia, with an arch smile.

"Exactly so," said Clara, glancing in the looking-glass. "But, Julia, I forgot to tell you that breakfast is quite ready, and papa waiting, which always makes him cross."

Julia's natural discrimination soon led her to form a pretty correct opinion of the characters and tastes of her two cousins. Alice was a quiet, thoughtful girl, slow in forming friendships, but sincere and affectionate. The monotony of a country life was not so insupportable to her as to her younger sister Clara, who, lively, thoughtless, and fond of excitement, often murmured at her

hard fate in being deprived of those scenes of amusement and gaiety, of which she had formed such brilliant ideas. Clara was very good-natured, a little vain perhaps, and foolishly disposed to look upon marriage as the *ultimatum* of all woman's hopes and schemes. Julia, however, could not help loving her lively, rattling cousin, and listened with great amusement to her thoughtless but sprightly nonsense. Our graver readers will pardon us if we transcribe some of it; for in Clara Cunningham we see a portraiture which represents but too accurately that large class of young people who drown serious thought in giddy levity.

"I don't think old Mr. Morrison can last very long; do you, Alice?" said Clara one morning, as the three girls were sitting alone in the drawing-room.

"I don't know," said Alice, quietly; "he is of great age, but some old people live much longer than any one would suppose from their years and infirmities."

"Well," returned Clara, "I hope when he does die, that we shall have just such a delightful young clergyman as they have at Bayfield. I know all Mr. Morrison's sermons by heart; I've heard them so often, and he draws them out so, that it almost sends me to sleep; but oh! Julia, Mr. Leicester is the most fascinating model of a clergyman you ever saw; he has the most angelic countenance, and such expressive eyes; if anything would make me religious, it would be listening to such a man as Mr. Leicester: he is at the very top of my list."

"List of what?" asked Julia.

"List of 'eligible men,' to be sure, my dear. Don't you keep such a list?—if not, I should advise you to get up one at once."

"And how many have you on your list?" asked Julia, very much amused.

"Oh! it fluctuates," said Clara. "Sometimes I've had as many as twelve; but then they now and then marry, or else go off, nobody knows where, and I lose my chance; just now, I think I have only six—wait a minute, and I'll tell you. First of all, there's Mr. Leicester—he's unexceptionable, of course; then, there's Arthur Willis—he's very handsome, but rather poor; Henry Turner—papa isn't very fond of him, though; then, let me see, oh! John Howard—lots of money there, only he is lame. How many have I mentioned?"

"Four," replied Julia, looking up from her work, and laughing in spite of herself at the nonsense of her cousin.

"Oh! yes, dear. Who are the others, now?—oh! I know, Daniel Brown—horrid name, isn't it? I could not get over it for a long time; but one evening we met him at a party, and he was so merry and good-natured, that I quite admired him, and I set him down at once; then, last of all comes Mr. Hewitson, the rich manufacturer. If I marry him it will be in a fit of desperation, for he's full forty, and very ugly; but then he rolls in riches, and is immensely kind and amiable."

"Really, Clara, how you do run on!" exclaimed Alice, in an expostulating tone. "What will Julia think of you?"

"Think of me? why, that I'm a very natural,

open-hearted girl. Don't you attack me, Alice, or I shall bite; you're not so terribly strong-minded and imperious but that there's a soft spot in your heart."

"Now do be quiet, Clara," said Alice, in a beseeching tone, and with a slight blush.

"Well, I will be quiet; I won't say another word, and you shall keep your own secret—only don't pretend to be so much shocked at me; but Julia, my dear, I want to discover the state of your heart. I rather think, by your very proper and steady demeanour, that you are one of the close ones. But isn't there some favoured gentleman for whom you secretly feel a decided predilection, whose name—"

"Yes," replied Julia, with a merry smile, "I feel a strong and decided predilection for Dr. Warburton."

"Dr. Warburton!" cried Clara, with an expression of contempt; "old enough to be your grandfather. That won't do, Julia; I shall not let you slip off in that way. Is there no gentleman," she continued, speaking very deliberately and in a mock-serious tone, "respecting whom the thought sometimes crosses your mind, 'I think he would make a very nice husband'?"

"Really, said Julia archly, "I should think it the wisest course to keep such a thought buried in oblivion until the said gentleman came to the conclusion that I should make a very nice wife."

"Most wisely spoken, fair Cousin Discretion!" exclaimed Clara, kneeling down before Julia and looking up into her face with an expression of mock veneration. "But my question still remains unanswered."

Here Clara was suddenly interrupted by the solemn tolling of the church bell. Alice put up her finger in a listening attitude.

"Three times three!" said Clara in a low voice. "Who can it be for?"

"Ask Maria," said Alice; "she will be sure to know."

Clara ran out of the room and quickly returned, saying, "It is for John Somers; he died early this morning."

"Is it usual to toll the bell in that way directly a person is dead?" asked Julia.

"It is customary about here," said Alice, looking up. "They call it the 'passing bell.' I suppose it is a remnant of Popery. They toll three times three for a male, and three times two for a female."

A death was a rare occurrence in the quiet little village of Allerton, and the deep tone of the passing bell was a sound that vibrated solemnly on every ear. Even the lively Clara was hushed and thoughtful, and her giddy nonsense was soon silenced and forgotten. Just then Mrs. Cunningham entered the room.

"Who has the bell been tolling for?" she inquired.

"John Somers," replied Clara.

"Poor John Somers!" repeated Mrs. Cunningham; "and he's gone at last. I didn't think he was so near his end, or one of you girls should have gone down to see the poor widow. I wonder what she will do, poor thing! There are four or five children, and all young. She will be obliged to go into the workhouse, I fear."

"I never liked Mary Somers much," said Clara. "I do think she's proud, though she is a poor woman. We needn't go to her cottage, mamma; she will be sure to send up here if she want anything."

"Ah! Clara, Clara, that is an easy way of putting off a disagreeable duty; but you are mistaken—quite mistaken. Mary Somers will never force her grief upon you; she will never besiege the house with clamorous applications; yet at the same time a kind word, a look of sympathy, would directly find its way to her heart, and she would bless you for it more than for silver or gold or apparel."

A week passed away. John Somers was laid in his last resting-place, and his widow returned with her five fatherless children to her bereaved and desolate hearth. The few neighbours invited to the humble funeral had departed, the baby was asleep in the cradle, and the other children, awed by the solemn scene they had just witnessed, and their mother's speechless grief, drew out their little wooden stools and silently sat down. Even little Tom, the youngest boy, crept close to his brother Jem, and, without speaking a word, laid his curly head on his knee. Mary Somers moved not—spoke not, but, leaning her elbows on the small round table, buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for more than an hour. Past scenes flitted before her eyes, and called up a thousand conflicting emotions. She thought of her years of hard but honest servitude, when she rose with the lark, milked her cows, fed the poultry, made the butter and cheese, and, after a long day of toil, lay down to rest "with heart and pocket light." She thought of the bright May morning when she went to church with John, and promised to be his, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part." She recollected the birth of their first-born child, so ardently longed for, so heartily welcomed; and many an after-scene of joy and sorrow, of cloud and sunshine, rose to her mind in quick succession. Last of all, John's long and trying illness, the pinching poverty, the sharp struggles with want and destitution, the grief at seeing him without the comforts which she was totally unable to procure, and the wish, the yearning wish, that some friend, possessed of the power and the will, would visit the humble cottage, to relieve their wants and soothe their sorrows with words of love and pity. But no one came, no one took the trouble, no one had the thought to search them out, and so they were unrelieved and unpitied, except by the few neighbours around them, who were as poor as themselves. Then the future—the dark, dismal future—gloomily presented itself to the widow's mind. What must become of them all? Must they leave that humble cottage, endeared by so many fond recollections, to take refuge in the dreaded workhouse? And yet, how could she earn enough to support five children, the eldest only thirteen? She raised her head mechanically, and looked at them. There was Jem, her eldest-born, steady and affectionate, with a very good will, but she feared without the power to do much towards the general maintenance; then came Sarah—the quiet, useful Sarah—so thoughtful and womanly, even at nine years old;

but what could she do? Bessie—little black-eyed Bessie—her father's darling; Tom, who every one said was the image of John, and the baby, hardly a year old, were little better than infants. They must be fed and clothed and seen to and worked for; but they would not be able to earn anything for years to come. "Oh!" she thought, as she looked round at each young face, "what a hard and bitter thing it is to be poor. As if it was not grief enough to lose my husband, I must bear the dreadful fear of seeing my children want bread. The rich can roll about in their carriages, dressed out in silk and velvet, and their very servants turn up their noses at what we should be thankful to make a meal upon. When my poor John was so ill and his appetite so sickly, how I should have blessed them for only a little, now and then, of the dainties that load their tables. But no; they sit at ease themselves, and what does it matter to them that some of their fellow-creatures are almost perishing at their very doors!"

Poor Mrs. Somers, these were hard and not just thoughts; but can it be wondered at that, in the midst of her sorrow, she should contrast her own lot, and all its grinding penury, with the easy and apparently fortunate circumstances of her richer neighbours? She considered not that they too had their troubles and anxieties. She only felt her own pinching poverty and hopeless sorrow, and it seemed hard and strange that God should have made her so much worse off than others. The poor in the parish of Allerton were sadly neglected. Mr. Morrison, as Clara said, was old and deaf, and, unhappily, did not possess much inclination to visit or relieve the poor of his flock. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham were kind and good-natured, and quite willing to contribute to any urgent case of charity that was brought directly before their notice; but it had never entered their minds that it was a Christian duty personally to examine and inquire into the necessities of their poor neighbours. Their daughters followed their example, and, with the exception of an occasional exclamation of pity, when any very appalling instance of destitution was related before them, accompanied perhaps with a stray shilling or two, they never exerted themselves for the relief and comfort of the poor and afflicted.

While the bereaved widow was thus bemoaning her hard lot, a gentle tap was heard at the door.

"Go and see who it is, Jem," said Mrs. Somers, wondering who it could be, and secretly wishing that, just then, people would leave her to indulge her sorrow alone. Jem opened the door, and looked up in astonishment to see a lady standing there—a lady, too, that he had never seen before.

"Does Mrs. Somers live here?" asked Julia, for it was she herself.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jem, pointing to his mother.

"May I come in?" she asked; and, without waiting for any further invitation, she walked into the small, barely-furnished room, and closed the door after her. Julia was not a novice in visiting the poor; she had studied their peculiar characters and prejudices; she had accustomed herself to accommodate her words and modes of acting to their various wants and inclinations, and a glance at the

widow's pale and woe-worn countenance told her that sorrow was deeply seated and keenly felt. She read something of Mrs. Somers's character in the searching, wondering look with which she regarded her visitor, and, sitting down by her side, she laid her hand on her arm, and gently said, while her own eyes filled with tears—

"This has been a very trying day for you."

There was something in the tone of her voice that went direct to the widow's heart. She hardly knew why, but she felt at once that her sweet-looking visitor fully entered into the depth of her grief, and that her own soul was sympathising in its terrible intensity. There was a magnetism in that quiet touch, and a charm in those few gentle words, which at once dissolved the bitter, icy crust of misanthropy which was fast gathering round the poor woman's heart. She was unconscious of it herself, but poverty and sorrow, together with the neglect of those who had both the means and the power of relieving her necessities, had made her regard the rich and prosperous with a feeling akin to dislike; and though too proud to seek their assistance, she still envied their abundance. Let us not judge her harshly; it is, as she said, "a hard and bitter thing to be poor." She was not naturally either morose or discontented; she loved her husband (while he was alive) devotedly; she felt a strong, deep affection for her children, and towards her poor neighbours a kindly regard and sympathy; but the affluent and wealthy, what were they to her, or she to them? There seemed to be an impassable gulf between them. But now, that sweet, gentle voice, that pitying touch, had awakened a new chord in her heart, and the soft language of sympathy melted her at once. "She lifted up her voice and wept." Her tears were no longer bitter; and when Julia took the hard service-worn hand in her own, and spoke soothing words of peace and comfort, poor Mrs. Somers looked upon her as a messenger from God, and blessed her from the depths of her heart. In a few minutes she was talking to the stranger lady as freely and familiarly as if she had known her for years, telling her all about John's illness and death, of her own prospects with respect to the future, and of her dread lest she and her children should be obliged to take shelter in the workhouse.

"If I could only manage to stay in this cottage, and make a shift to struggle on," said the poor widow, "that's all I desire, if I can get a morsel to put in the children's mouths, and a little clothing to keep them decent; but, oh! Miss, you have no idea what our workhouse is—such depraved characters, such bad language; and you can't shut your ears nor your eyes; you must see and listen to it all."

"But," said Julia, cheerfully, "I hope you will be able to manage without going into the workhouse; there are so many ways in which an active, industrious woman can manage to earn a little money; your eldest boy too, he seems healthy and strong; how old is he?"

"Thirteen last May," said Mrs. Somers, looking at Jem; "and a good lad he is, and a great comfort to me; but, you know, ma'am, he's but young."

"Oh! but he'll be getting older every day," said

Julia, with a smile, as she turned towards Jem's honest, sunburnt face; "he must learn to work for you all, and be a father to his little brothers and sisters." The little father looked up to the ceiling, down to the ground, and then at his young family, with an odd mixture of rustic shyness and paternal responsibility. After a little more talk, Julia took her leave, followed by the thanks and blessings of the widow, and the wondering gaze of the children.

"Isn't she a sweet, beautiful lady, mother?" said Jem.

"She an't half so grand as Mrs. Montague, though," said little Sarah, "that rides in a fine carriage, and dresses so smart."

"She's a blessed, heavenly young creature," said the widow, clasping her hands, and looking upwards; "I haven't heard such comforting words as she spoke this many a long day; God send her here again; she's done me as much good as one of his own angels from heaven."

"Where have you been, Julia?" exclaimed Clara, as her cousin looked into the shady arbour where she and Alice were sitting at work.

"I have been to see poor Mrs. Somers," replied Julia.

"Mrs. Somers! how queer! Why, you don't know her; what could make you go there?"

"I knew she was in trouble, Clara; and I knew, too, how sweet and grateful are a few kind words of sympathy and comfort."

"And didn't you find her very proud and disagreeable?" asked Clara.

"Not at all: she received me most gratefully and cordially, and begged me to call again."

"Well, you must have some wonderful way of getting into people's good graces," said Clara; "I never could make anything of that woman; she was always rude and disagreeable to me; but, Julia, you don't really like going to see poor people, do you?"

"Indeed I do, Clara," replied her cousin, with an expression of such heartfelt earnestness, that Clara could not for a moment question the truth and sincerity of Julia's avowal.

"Well," she said, looking very much surprised, "you must be very different to me; I tried to like it once, but I could not get on at all; I never was made for it; and I used to go into one cottage after another, and sit so mum and silent, without a word to say, till at last, after a trial or two, I gave it up in despair."

"But, dear Clara," said Julia, "if you only knew the delight and satisfaction of feeling that your visit and your sympathy had been the means of cheering a drooping heart, and casting a ray of warm sunshine on a dark and sorrowful path, you would need no other motive to persevere; this alone would be all-constraining and all-sufficient."

Clara looked up in her cousin's face, as she uttered the last words; there was a sweet expression of pure benevolence in her mild blue eyes, and for a moment the thought crossed her mind, "How happy she seems—I wish I were like her;" but Clara was Clara still, lively, good-natured, and thoughtless; and playfully patting Julia's shoulder, she said in a joking tone—

"What a pattern girl you are! I used to think Alice very sedate and proper in her behaviour;

but she is not to be mentioned in the same day with you: now confess, Julia, that you look upon me as perfectly hopeless."

"Not hopeless," said Julia, looking affectionately at her gay and laughing cousin; "but, Clara, with a soul that must live for ever, is it wise to put away everything like a serious thought, everything that concerns our eternal safety?"

Clara gave no answer to this solemn question, but it left a wound with it. Alas! how many young persons like Clara Cunninghame, the life of the social circle as she was, are, like her, unprepared to give any reply to this momentous inquiry.

Within the widow's humble cottage Julia's promised visit had been the one topic of conversation and interest, and at half past three Jem and Sarah stationed themselves at the cottage door to watch for her appearance. Jem had been thinking over what the strange lady had said to him—that he ought to work for his mother, and be a father to the little ones. It had left a great impression on his mind; it made him feel quite manly, and he fully intended, if he could but summon courage, to tell the lady what was now the great wish of his heart, namely, to be put to work on the roads, like Bill Hedges. Jem had been thinking about it all night; it had actually kept him awake—a very unusual thing for him—and he had been trying to frame a sentence which would best express his ideas on the subject. Mrs. Somers, though her heart was still heavy and sad, had been greatly cheered and encouraged by Julia's visit, and she longed to see her again, and listen to her sweet and pleasant words of sympathy and kindness. She had swept up the floor, dusted the chairs and table, put on the kettle for tea, and was soon seated at the window, patching and mending the children's clothes.

"Here she is, mother," cried Jem and Sarah both at once.

The widow rose and went to the door. Yes, there she was, true to her promise; the short hand of the clock was pointing to four, just the hour she had appointed; even this proof of punctuality was pleasant to the poor woman's feelings, and told her that her visitor was to be relied upon. A few kind but expressive words from Julia, which were thankfully and gratefully received, and she once more seated herself by the widow's side, listening to all she had to say, and asking questions, which, without a shadow of curiosity, expressed a sympathising and kindly interest in all her concerns.

"And cannot your eldest boy do anything to help you?" asked Julia, after the mother had narrated some of her schemes. "Is there nothing he can do to earn a little money?"

"Bill Hedges breaks stones on the roads," said Jem, blushing up to his ears; "he gets three shillings a week, and he an't no older than me."

"Ah! but he's bigger and stronger than you, Jem," said his mother, shaking her head.

"And you would like to work on the roads, Jem, if you could get a place?" said Julia, with a kind smile.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Who is the proper person to apply to about it?" asked Julia, turning to Mrs. Somers.

"Oh! Mr. Cunninghame would be the best,

ma'am. I dare say he could get him work at once."

"Well, Jem," said Julia, "I will promise to speak to Mr. Cunningham this evening about you, and to-morrow I will walk down again and tell you what he says."

When Julia returned, the first thing she did was to look for her uncle, whom she found walking in the garden.

"I am come to make a request, uncle," she said, as soon as she came up to him.

"And what may your request be, my fair petitioner?"

"I want to know if you can find employment for a person who wishes to break stones on the roads."

Mr. Cunningham laughed heartily.

"Do you want to work on the roads, Julia?"

She joined in his laugh, and then told him of her interview with Mrs. Somers, and of Jem's honest desire to help his mother. He entered directly into her plans, and promised that Jem should be set to work at once; but added—

"I cannot promise him permanent work, Julia; however, if I find that he is a steady lad, I will give him a place under my gardener, and that will be better than working on the roads. You need not tell him that, though; I would rather see first how he turns out."

The next day Julia was going with her uncle and aunt and cousins to spend the day with a friend who lived several miles off, but she remembered her promise to Jem, and directly after breakfast ran down to Mrs. Somers's cottage, and told the successful result of her application.

Jem's eyes sparkled with joy, but he said nothing till Julia had taken her leave and left the cottage; then, in an ecstasy of delight, he threw his old cap up to the ceiling, caught little Tom in his arms and kissed him, and finally hugged his mother round the neck till she was half stifled. On Monday morning he went to his work, and toiled away manfully; the sun was very hot, his back ached with stooping, yet still he went on, breaking stone after stone, till the little heap had become a great one. Faithfully and delightedly he worked all the week long—the thought of helping his mother, and getting food for his brothers and sisters, lending strength and vigour to his strokes.

Very pleased and elated was Jem, when on Saturday afternoon he received his first three shillings, and took them to his mother. Three shillings seemed such a large sum to him, who had never possessed even one shilling of his own; he felt them over and over again as they lay in his pocket, and when he reached home, silently took them out, and laid them on the table. The widow was pleased and thankful, as well she might be, to see the first-fruits of her boy's honest labour, and kissed his brown cheeks again and again as she took the money and put it safely away in the old leather purse. Tea was ready, and Jem, hungry and hearty, took the teapot from the hob and placed it before his mother, and sitting down opposite to her, took little Tom on his lap, and looked quite fatherly. Nor was their young benefactor absent from their thoughts, but blessings upon her mingled with their simple repast.

BLIND MATHEMATICIANS.

It can be no matter of surprise that so many of the blind have become illustrious, through their devoted attachment to music and poetry. Deprived of the power of sight, and strangers to the luxury of vision, it might be expected that the sweet strains of harmony would regale their ear with a peculiar, because with a compensating, spring of enjoyment. Shut up, moreover, to a great extent, to the resources of their own minds, their powers of imagination would naturally be strengthened by constant exercise, and the habit which they have necessarily adopted of realizing various objects, scenes, and facts, and depicting them with vivid accuracy upon the mind, would greatly facilitate their composition of poetry; and we are therefore not surprised that so many blind persons should have distinguished themselves in both these departments of science, and that the finest poetry has been written, and the richest music composed, by those who have been deprived of the blessing of sight.

But the subject of this paper leads us to a very different point in the literary and scientific horizon. We are to contemplate the proficiency to which the blind have attained, not in poetry and music, but in the highest branches of mathematical philosophy, and the laurels which they have won in their own and in foreign universities.

It may be asked, what attraction can there be in abstract science for the blind student? what ideas can he form of space or distance? what conception can he realize of the vast orbits of the heavenly bodies? what notion of the distance of the stars from the earth, or from the sun? Can he understand how differently objects will appear if contemplated from different points of view? how the square can appear like an oblong, or the circle, seen obliquely, elongated into the ellipse? Give him some abstruse and difficult calculation, how can he retain its different steps and processes of reasoning in his memory without the power of working them on paper? Or if all this should seem practicable, and possibly delightful, as a mental exercise, it may be further asked, Can he who has never seen light, understand its wondrous properties and laws—the reflection and refraction of its rays? Can he who has never seen colours, and is unable to distinguish between them, understand how light, apparently homogeneous, when analysed by the prism, is demonstrated to consist of seven colours so perfectly distinct and yet so harmoniously blended? and can such a blind inquirer into the science of optics realize so complete a conception of its laws and arrangements as to be able distinctly and accurately to explain them to others, and to give lectures upon the rainbow, the prism, the camera obscura, the magic lantern, the telescope, and the microscope, to delighted audiences? It might appear incredible that the blind should be capable of such extraordinary achievements; but there are many well authenticated facts affirmative of the questions indicated above. Dr. Reid, in his "Inquiry into the Human Mind," remarks, that "*Sight discovers almost nothing which the blind may not comprehend.* One who has never seen

light may be learned and knowing in every science, even in optics, and may make discoveries in every branch of philosophy; he may understand as much as another man, not only of the order, distances, and motions of the heavenly bodies, but of the nature of light, and of the laws of the reflection and refraction of its rays."

Cicero tells us of a professor of philosophy, Diotodus, who exercised himself with more assiduity than ever, after he became blind; and who taught geometry with so much precision, that his pupils found no difficulty in tracing the most complicated diagrams from his instructions. Another Roman, Aufidius Bassus, who became blind in early youth, was an eminent philosopher and mathematician. Didymus of Alexandria flourished in the fourth century; he lost his sight when five years of age. Jerome, who was one of his pupils, informs us that he distinguished himself by his proficiency in the seven sciences (supposed at that time to constitute the whole circle of human knowledge), particularly in geometry and astronomy; sciences of which, remarks the narrator, it is scarcely conceivable how any knowledge should be obtained without the assistance of the eye. Another of his pupils, Palladius, says, that blindness, to others so terrible a misfortune, was the greatest blessing to Didymus, as, by shutting out all external objects, his faculties had greater scope for the study of the sciences. There is a story, however, told, from which it would appear that Didymus himself was not of this opinion. Antony, the founder of the monastic system, paid the philosopher a visit, and inquired, "Are you grieved that you are blind?" Very much to the mortification of Antony, Didymus answered that "he certainly was;" upon which the hermit remarked, that he was astonished that so wise a man should lament the loss of a faculty which we possess, as he chose to express it, in common with the gnats and ants.

In modern times, our own countryman, Nicholas Saunderson, claims the first place among blind mathematicians. Born at Thurlston, in Yorkshire, in 1682, he lost in early infancy not only his sight, but his very eye-balls, by small-pox. When a boy, he was sent to the grammar school at Peniston, where by great diligence he obtained that knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, afterwards so useful in his mathematical studies, when the works of Euclid, Archimedes, and Diofantus were read to him in the original Greek. But Latin and Greek, however good and useful in their place, are not sufficient for the practical every-day business of life; and Saunderson's father, who was in the Excise, thought, and thought justly, that it would not do for his boy merely to construe Homer and Virgil, and not to work an ordinary sum in the rule of three and practice; accordingly he instructed his son in the common rules of arithmetic, when Saunderson's singular powers of calculation were first developed. It was soon observed that he could work very complicated sums in his head by a quicker process than others could do on paper. At the age of eighteen, he received his first lessons in algebra and geometry from Mr. West of Underbank, who gave him every encouragement and assistance, and he was afterwards introduced to Dr. Nettle-

ton, who furnished him with books, and frequently read and explained them to him. But Saunderson, by his extraordinary genius, soon outstripped his kind instructors, and was fitter to teach than to learn. Being one of a numerous family, the knotty question was to be solved, how he could pursue his studies and at the same time maintain himself. His friends suggested his going to Cambridge as a mathematical teacher. This plan was carried out in 1707; and though he never matriculated, he was allowed the use of rooms at Christ's College, with free access to the library. His fame soon filled the University, and when Whiston, the celebrated translator of "Josephus," resigned his professorship, no candidate for the vacant office could compete with Saunderson. But he never graduated; he was not even a member of the University; how, then, according to the statutes, could he obtain a professorship? His singular merit insured singular patronage. The interests of the blind demonstrator of the Newtonian theory were warmly espoused by the great Sir Isaac Newton himself, and the heads of colleges applied to their chancellor, the Duke of Somerset, for a royal mandate conferring upon Saunderson the degree of A.M. He was unanimously elected Lucasian professor of mathematics, only four years after his entrance as a perfect stranger into Cambridge. His inauguration speech, in classical Latin, was much admired, and from this time he devoted himself with equal earnestness and success to his numerous pupils. He continued to reside at Christ's College till 1723, when he married, and took a house in Cambridge.

In 1728, George II visited the University, and on his expressing a wish to see the blind professor, Saunderson was presented to his majesty in the Senate House, and was created by the king's command Doctor of Laws. He was admitted a fellow of the Royal Society in 1736; he died in 1739, and was buried, at his own request, in the chancel of Boxworth Church.

Dr. Reid, from whose work we have already quoted, was his intimate friend, and he tells us that Saunderson understood the projection of the sphere and the rules of perspective. He mentions also a conversation, in which the blind professor said that he found great difficulty in understanding Dr. Halley's demonstration of the proposition, that the angles made by the circles of the sphere are equal to the angles made by their representatives in the stereographic projection. "But," said he, "when I laid aside that demonstration, and considered the proposition in my own way, I saw clearly that it must be true." He lectured on the theory of the rainbow with much accuracy, though not perhaps with the poetic fire of Thomson, who thus describes the order of the prismatic colours:—

— "First, the flaming red,
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow, by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green;
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal played, and then of sadder hue,
Emerald and deepened indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost,
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away."

The only work which Saunderson prepared for the press was his "Elements of Algebra." This and other manuscripts left by him, his "Treatise on Fluxions," etc., were published after his death. The sense of touch he enjoyed in the highest perfection, though he could not, as others have done, distinguish colours. This, he used to say, was pretending to impossibilities; but he could with exactness observe the smallest roughness or defect of polish in surfaces. Thus, in a set of Roman medals, he distinguished the genuine from the false, though they had been counterfeited so well as to deceive a connoisseur, who had judged from the eye; and in a garden, when observations have been taken upon the sun, he has noticed every cloud that interrupted the observation, almost as justly as his friends could see it. His ear was also equally exact: he could readily distinguish the fifth part of a note. But perhaps his most surprising achievements he performed by his calculating table, or "Palpable Arithmetic." This consisted of a thin smooth board, rather more than a foot square, raised upon a small frame, so as to lie hollow. Every square inch of this board was divided into one hundred smaller squares, and at every point of intersection holes were bored to receive pins, by which he expressed his numbers. He used pins of two sizes, with their points cut off, and of these he had a great many in boxes near him when he calculated. He could place and displace his pins with incredible facility, much to the pleasure and surprise of his pupils or visitors. He could even break off in the middle of a calculation, and resume it when he pleased, only by drawing his fingers gently over the table. This method of "Palpable Arithmetic" may well excite our admiration, but it also deserves notice from its acknowledged practical utility to other blind persons who have made mathematics their study.

THE HORSE OF ANTIQUITY.

THE horse was undoubtedly first reclaimed in the central regions of Eastern Asia, where it still roams free; that is, where herds truly wild, and not the emaciated descendants of a subjugated stock, still maintain their position. From these table-lands of High Asia, traversed by the 40th and 50th lines of north latitude, the horse was carried eastward, westward, and southward, by successive tides of warrior hordes, bent upon the acquisition of new territories. Not that we would assert the original home of the wild horse to have been limited to Central Asia. On the contrary, it appears, like the ancient bison and the urus, to have been spread over the temperate regions of Europe; and we learn that in the vast forests of Poland and Prussia, wild horses existed, as did the bison, up to a comparatively late period.

Whether the wild original of the domestic horse is descended from any of the species whose fossil relics are so abundant in company with those of the mammoth and mastodon, we will not undertake to say; but we know that of these fossil relics, there are some which so closely resemble the same bones in the modern horse of middle stature, that no decided anatomical difference can

be pointed out. These fossil bones are common in our island. From an examination of a fine collection of the fossil relics of the horse, at the British Museum, we have been led to conclude, that on continental Europe, two species of horse at least existed—one of middle size, and one not exceeding a pony in stature. In our island, the relics of a small species, probably identical with the continental one, existed; but there was also, as its relics prove, another and larger kind, equal to a powerful cart-horse in stature. In India, the fossil bones of two, if not more, species have been brought to England by Captain Cautley. They were found with the relics of other animals, lying on the slopes among the ruins of fallen cliffs, and partly *in situ*, in the sandstone of the Sewalie hills, at the southern foot of the Himalayas, between the Sutlej and the Ganges. One species appears to have closely resembled the breed depicted upon the sculptured monuments of Nineveh and those of Egypt and Greece; the skull is broad between the eyes, and the chaffron concave, as in the Arab breed of the present day. Another species was small in size, but long-limbed and probably very fleet: the bones of the limbs are remarkable for their slenderness, and remind us of those of the antelope.

Fossil remains of the horse have been discovered in considerable abundance in America, both North and South; Captain Beechy obtained many from the mud cliffs of Eschscholtz Bay, where they were found associated with the bones of the mammoth, and a fossil or extinct ox. To this we may add Mr. Darwin's observation, that horses' bones, mingled with those of the mastodon, have several times been transmitted for sale to England; but it has always been imagined, from the simple fact of their being horses' bones, that they had been accidentally mingled with the others. Mr. Darwin found the fossil tooth of a horse in the red clayey stratum of the Pampas, at St. Fé, South America, together with one of the extinct toxodon; and another also at Bahia Blanca, imbedded with numerous fossil remains of extinct animals of the edentate order (megatherium, sloth, armadillo, order) in a beach covered at spring tides.

In the caverns of Minas Geraes, a mining district of Brazil, the relics of a species of horse (*Equus curvidens*, Owen) have been found in considerable numbers. Thus, then, did certain species of horse live coeval with the mammoth, the mastodon, and the megatherium, in past ages, throughout America, from north to south. With these huge animals, and probably from the same combination of causes, it became extinct, to be succeeded at a future period by an imported domestic breed from Spain, Portugal, and England; yet the fact is interesting: these reclaimed stocks from Europe have given rise to semi-wild, or self-emancipated troops, which now roam over plains once trodden by the hoofs of an extinct equine population. Such, also, is the case with respect to the ox, the hog, and also the dog.

We have stated (and we have paid no little attention to the point) that the domestication of the horse was first effected in the central regions of Asia. It was doubtless first used as an arm of war, and not as a beast of drudgery; and we believe that before it was harnessed to the war chariot, it



ANCIENT WAR-HORSES AND CHARIOT.

was mounted by armed riders, accoutred with the spear and the shield, the bow and the quiver. In Assyria and Babylonia, long before the dominance of the Medes and Persians, the war-horse had been received and was cultivated. As the sculptured slabs, disinterred in Nimroud after a sepulture of 3000 years, abundantly testify, these horses were of the noblest blood and finest contour. They are represented as yoked two or three abreast to chariots, and adorned with embroidered trappings; and a led saddle-horse gorgeously caparisoned, with head plumes and embossed straps and bridle, was often kept in waiting for the use of the royal or noble charioteer. Saddle horses, led by grooms, or bearing horsemen armed with bow, and spear, and sword, are delineated: sometimes they appear in the thick of battle; sometimes in pursuit; sometimes in flight, the horseman, evidently a fugitive foe, turning, while on his courser at full speed, and, Parthian-like, discharging the arrow from his bow against his pursuers.

On their occupation of the promised land, the Israelites found themselves surrounded by nations who employed the horse in war; but they were prohibited from rearing the horse, at least to any great extent, lest they should return (under a king whose force consisted of cavalry, and who therefore possessed the means of rapid migration) to Egypt.

It was not until the time of Solomon that the Israelites added cavalry and chariots to their military force (1015 B.C.). This monarch obtained his chief supplies from Egypt.* But it will be remembered that David had previously reserved, upon the overthrow of the Philistines, sufficient horses for a hundred chariots.

The main force of the ancient Egyptians appears

to have consisted of horsemen, and especially charioteers. Upon comparing the horses and chariots of this people with those of the Assyrians, as engraved on the Nineveh tablets or slabs, we find several minor distinguishing characters. In both, the horses are of high blood and exquisite symmetry, with large eyes, small ears, and expanded nostrils. In the Egyptian remains of antiquity, the horses to each chariot are always two in number; their mane is cropped, or hagged, so as to have a stiff appearance, and the trappings are less ornate. The chariot is very different in shape, and was occupied by a single warrior only, who in battle either threw the reins over one shoulder, or secured them round the waist, so as to have the arms at liberty for the use of the bow.

The horses, on the earlier relics from Nineveh, have the mane usually long and flowing, or curled into a multitude of corkscrew or fringe-like tassels. Three horses abreast were frequently, if not always, yoked to the war chariot, which contained three warriors; one (often the king) engaged in the use of the bow, one who solely attended to the guidance of the chariot and managed the reins, and one who in battle held a shield for the protection of his companions, or, on state occasions, a sort of parasol or fly-flap, over the head of the royal personage. A led horse, in case of accident, was usually at hand. In later times, the Assyrian chariot, like the Egyptian and Persian, was always drawn by two, and not by three horses.

We might here turn to the classic ages of Greece and Rome; but a few words must suffice. Throughout the whole of the "Iliad" of Homer, though chariots and charioteers are depicted in abundance, no mounted cavalier, no horseman is described as urging his steed into battle, either on the side of the Greeks or the Trojans. Hence it may be safely concluded that no bodies of cavalry were used by either party in war; and the same observation applies to the "Æneid" of Virgil; for

* 1 Kings x. 28, 29. Solomon had 40,000 stalls of horses for chariots and 12,000 horsemen. Elsewhere we read that he had 1400 chariots and 12,000 horsemen. 1 Kings iv. 26; x. 26.

though mounted warriors and charioteers are both described in that poem, we gather that a few of the great chiefs only fought either in the chariot or on horseback; the rest fought on foot. The fact is, that at a far later period, that is, within really historical ages, neither the Greeks nor the Romans were cavalry soldiers; they had, it is true, mounted troops; but Thracians, and other foreign auxiliaries, constituted their true cavalry force. Caesar himself was so indifferent a cavalry general, that the celebrated Prussian hussar officer, Warnery, has with justice ridiculed his dispositions, where cavalry are concerned. Yet, strange to say, the Roman writers celebrate the qualities of various breeds; and we learn that the young Roman nobles were victimised by foreign horse-dealers, much in the same way as are the unskilful by the same gentry in modern times.

Were we to attempt to trace out the history of the horse more at large, we should trespass beyond all bounds. We may, however, add, by way of conclusion, that when Caesar invaded our island, he found the natives in the possession of rude war chariots, having the axles armed with scythe-blades, and drawn by two horses. Were these horses indigenous, that is, the reclaimed stock of an aboriginal wild race, or were they the result of introduction from some unknown quarter? We believe that these small, rough, spirited horses were truly indigenous, and that wild troops then tenanted our island, as did the wild ox, the wild boar, the gigantic elk, the wolf, the bear, the beaver, and probably feline animals, of lion-like strength and stature. In this opinion we are supported by Colonel H. Smith; and it may be observed that the British horse, or rather galloway, (in Latin, *mannus*), was at a subsequent period much valued in Rome.

A CHARGE THROUGH FRANCE.

HAVING occasion to visit the East, it was essential for me to pass on to Marseilles, as the nearest point of conveyance. At noon, accordingly, on the 27th November, 1854, I secured our tickets at the office in Arthur Street West (near the Monument), booked right through to Paris—self, wife, bags, luggage, and all. By paying an extra shilling a-head, our luggage was freed from the prying curiosity of the custom-house officials at Dieppe, and we ourselves were thus enabled to proceed without any detention, right on to the French metropolis. As I have already stated, we booked through. All was hurry, bustle, and confusion, smoke and fog, till the ominous hour of 6 p.m. warned us that not a moment was to be lost in hurrying off to London Bridge station. It is needless to recapitulate, for such things happen to all travellers, the contretemps that ensued; how boxes would not lock, how keys could not be found, or how, when all were locked, ever so many essentials turned up which must of necessity be packed, to say nothing of the kitten, which had gone to sleep in the hat-box. Finally, everything was arranged, the last adieu breathed, and the last blessing of the silvery-haired old man earnestly given over the heads of those who were soon to be strangers in a strange land. There is no time

for regret or tears. Cabmen of herculean strength stagger into the street under the heavy weight of luggage, the door is slammed to, the horse starts off at full gallop, and it is more than man can say, whether our once familiar foot-fall shall ever again wake up echoes in those streets.

Speedily has the tired hack deposited us at London Bridge terminus; as speedily is cabbly satisfied; for our hearts are full to overflowing, and who could dispute a fare on such an occasion? We flatter ourselves that the drain upon our not too well stocked purses has ceased for a season. In so doing we err grievously. Down comes a wheelbarrow with our luggage, which is shot into the scales and weighed. There are twelve shillings extra to pay for weight over and above the 50 lbs. allowed, for which extra we are solely indebted to a friend who is sending out weighty souvenirs of his friendship to others in the East. There is no help for this; so the extra shillings are paid, and precisely at half-past 6 p.m. the train starts. We bid adieu, perhaps for ever, to dear and much-loved but foggy London.

Onward we roll through the impenetrable darkness of the night. There are many others besides ourselves who have turned their backs upon home and friends; and none seem disposed to break the solemn spell of that first half-hour's reflections. Silently the floodgates of affection pour forth their tribute, and whispered prayers for the weal of those dear and near ascend. Gradually, however, the heavy burden, that clung like lead to the heart, and mistily obscured the sight, gets removed, and our thoughts are busily engaged by a thousand different themes.

Thus rapidly speed away the four hours occupied in the first stage. By-and-by the train stops, and men are shouting "Newhaven!" into every open carriage window. We walk from the train right on to the steamer's deck, and, in so doing, bid farewell to the soil of Old England.

Now comes the most trying part of our journey. The tide won't serve for fully four hours yet. To go down into the cabin is misery; for, apart from the closeness and the peculiar smell of the ship, there are some score passengers already making doleful preparations for what they know will be inevitable so soon as the boat is tossed about in the Channel. Ominous-looking basins, and glasses of weak brandy-and-water, are in general demand; and the steward from his state-room surveys these preparations with evident gratification, calculating the probable extent of the harvest he is about to reap. Under all circumstances, the best thing for us to attempt is to try and fall asleep. We get, therefore, into our respective bunks, and, worn-out by fatigue of body and mind, doze in troubled naps, starting up at intervals, to the imminent peril of heads coming into sharp contact with the beams of the deck.

A clanking of chains, a sudden uproar on deck, a roaring of gruff voices, the screaming whistle of the steam, and unmistakable rocking of the vessel—these are signs that assure us we are off; and now some hours of misery ensue. A bold man, who has ordered supper, repents him of his folly; hale-looking individuals assume a corpse-like paleness, and ladies are more dead than alive. Our misery increases the further we progress, for

the sea is very rapid about mid-channel. At last things come to a climax; even the hardy steward feels too ill to attend to others: in hopeless listlessness we roll and pitch, jerk backwards and forwards, till, by-and-by, a jovial-eyed sailor, damp from the seas that have broken upon deck, holding a horn lantern close to his ruddy face, shouts out lustily that the light-house is in sight. Instantly, and as if by magic, the half-dead passengers revive, and, amidst the rolling of the vessel, make mighty efforts to reach the companion hatchway, and, clinging on tightly, they crawl up on deck. Cold piercing gusts of wind make them shudder again, as cloaks and shawls are drawn closer around, or great-coats buttoned up to the very ears. There is, however, something reviving in the freshness of the morning breeze, and something cheering in the sight and aspect of the light-house. The dawn is yet obscured by haze; but the spirits of the passengers are exhilarated by the near approach to land. Some of the more hardy give vent to their feelings in spasmodic attempts at a joke, which prove a failure, for the vessel strains and pitches in a manner that reminds one unpleasantly of last night's sufferings. By-and-by the sun doffs his night-cap, and stares at us redly through the misty vapours of morning; the boat runs alongside the jetty; a temporary bridge is constructed, over which the passengers, like unpenned goats, rush to procure a firm footing upon terra firma; and—we have arrived at Dieppe.

Two minutes afterwards we are clustering round the fireplace at the custom-house; and fierce-looking gens-d'armes are inspecting the passports—a process which proves to us beyond a doubt that, although at this hour yesterday morning we were comfortably in bed at No. so-and-so, such-and-such a street, London, we are now treading upon French soil, subjected to the jurisdiction of the empire of France. Five minutes suffices for the ordeal. We are free. Above all things, a good warm cup of tea is the most desirable thing to settle our stomachs after last night's ill-usage. This, a little foreigner, in a black wide-awake (who shaves off his moustache, so as to pass for an Englishman, but who fails signally in the attempt every time he opens his mouth), assures us is procurable at his own snug little café, not twenty yards from the custom-house. Thither we accordingly hurry, and receive a hearty welcome from the comely landlady, who was born within sound of Bow bells, and thereby establishes her claim to be a cockney. Our company consists of a motley assemblage of nations and tongues: there are Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, a Polish doctor, a Hungarian refugee, a Spanish bishop bound for Rome, and a very fair sprinkling of Englishmen and Englishwomen, inclusive of some half-dozen from Yorkshire, who, with their families, are going to work at the railway between Lyons and Valence. All, however, speak a spatter of English, and all are ready and willing to be sociable and agreeable. But our tastes and inclinations as to diet vary materially. All the English gather round the little table in the inner room, where the landlady and her mother have no sinecure in answering the many calls for tea and bread-and-butter. The landlord, corkscrew in hand, dances in and out to supply wine, rum, and

absinth to guests, who sip small glasses with small cups of milkless coffee, preferring to wait till mid-day before they have anything to eat.

Oh! the luxury of fresh water, towels and soap, a good brush and comb, and the privilege of stretching one's cramped legs for half an hour, without fear of being thrown against your neighbour or lacerating your shins. Then the astonishment depicted in the faces of novices, as they stare upon the grotesque figures of the Dieppe fish-women, who are paddling about in heavy wooden shoes and extensive white caps—so white and so stiffly starched that they would do honour to the parent of three generations. We have not much time, however, to investigate peculiarities of costume; the clock strikes eight, and monsieur assures us that the train will start in twenty minutes for Paris. Carefully, but hurriedly, we are piloted over a little bog, where, the tide being low, scores of fish-women are picking up fish and shrimps, stopping now and then to stare at us with unfeigned astonishment. In ten minutes we are seated in the train, and then away we go; houses, churches, trees, etc., are dancing by us merrily. Having gazed at these, and looked out into the open fields till our eyes ache again, we relapse into our positions, fold railway wrappers snugly, and indulge in a little conversation upon a dozen various topics.

There is a young girl going to service in a family near Tours; she has never seen her new employers, and has no friends or relations near the spot; but this gives her no concern. Her only troubles are in connection with a new silk bonnet, which she has a presentiment will be stolen or lost, or, at all events, sadly crushed before the journey's end. The Spanish bishop tries to amuse and divert her by anecdotes of his personal experience in travel. Two young Parisians, clerks in some city house in London, who are going home for Christmas, laugh and joke in exuberant spirits as every hour lessens the distance between them and home. Every one is willing to make his neighbour comfortable, and every one is getting hungry just as the train stops for half an hour to allow of the passengers dining. Then all is bustle and confusion again; people swallow scalding-hot soup in a hurry, fearing the bell may summon them away before their appetites have been half appeased; and hapless is that wight who has no small change about him.

Now we are off again, and there is nothing to break the monotony of the trip. Some pull out books and attempt to read; others converse feebly; but by far the greater part fall asleep. Still the fiery steed is snorting on its way. A mizzling rain and a chilly wind set in with the darkness of night; but we are closely packed inside, and there is no lack of great-coats and comforters. Only the turmoil of the train, or the occasional grunt of a sleeper, disturbs the quiet of the hour.

"Halloa! what's that?" A man with a glaring lantern pokes it and his head into our carriage window and asks for tickets. By this we know our journey is drawing to a close; and, indeed, very shortly afterwards we arrive at the Paris terminus. It is just half-past ten as we enter Austin's lodging-house, opposite the terminus. There is a fine blazing fire, and soon we are all

seated at supper. The train does not leave for Marseilles till 2 p.m. to-morrow; so we have ample time on hand to rest and refresh ourselves.

A sad trial awaits us. There are very nice beds in the house, which we have been fortunate enough to secure; but to get to them we have to mount up a perpendicular spiral staircase, which looks half as high as the Monument. Gently and languidly we ascend; breathless, we pause when half-way up, and look our afflictions down upon the merry face of the landlord, who stimulates us to courage and perseverance; finally we have reached the summit, and are rewarded by the sight of clean sheets and a comfortable bed. Apt illustration this of the ladder of life, with its struggles and the weal that crowns perseverance. With such thoughts we press our pillows closer to our weary heads, and in a few minutes all is oblivion.

November 29th dawns upon us through our bed-room windows in Paris. Coming down the spiral staircase is a very different matter to mounting up, though still attended with an unpleasant dizziness. We have no sooner reached the basement floor than we have cause to condemn ourselves. We are, happily, in excellent health and spirits, yet are base and ungrateful enough to murmur at the trifling inconveniences of travel, when in reality our sufferings might be intense. We are led to these conclusions by encountering at the breakfast-table an American missionary and his wife, who are returning from Syria *via* Egypt, to consult the skill of English surgeons, for the wife is a victim to cancer in the breast. Her pale, meagre, death-like aspect, and her hacking, excruciating cough, indicate pain and anguish, evidently borne with Christian fortitude.

Humbled in spirit after this meeting, we cease any further murmurings at trifles light as air. The train that leaves for Calais at 8 a.m. takes with it the suffering American lady. Our train will not start till 2 p.m.; so we have time, under an experienced cicerone, to visit some of the great streets and sights of Paris, the Boulevards, and so forth. Presently the rain comes down in torrents. Monsieur must buy an umbrella! and an umbrella is accordingly purchased. Then we go home again to Austin's, and dine; after that we go and get our luggage from the station, and re-book it and ourselves right away to Marseilles, so soon as we are driven to the other station at the further end of the town. This makes another hole in the purse, with more extra charges for extra luggage. Our fare is about £2 10s. a-head right through to Marseilles.

From Paris to Lyons there are very few stoppages. Many of our old companions have left us at Paris; but the Spanish bishop, the Yorkshire folk, and ourselves, still manage to keep together in the same carriage. By this time we are as familiar as though we had known each other for years, and we pass the hours by relating episodes of our respective past lives. All night long, and we are still rattling onward. About midnight, the train is run off the line to admit of the express train passing. During this interval we can get no refreshments, as every café and restaurant has been shut up for the night. The air is bleak and piercing, rushing through crevices in the carriages after a very unpleasant fashion.

At day-break we are close to Lyons station; and by 7 a.m. we have arrived, and omnibusses are waiting to whip us away to the steamer. A great long steamer it is, comfortably fitted up, and with cheerful fires blazing away in stoves. There is coffee with mutton chops for breakfast *ad libitum*. The day proves hazy and cold, which is a drawback to our enjoying the scenery as we steam along. At 1 p.m. a table d'hôte is spread, and, whilst here seated, a man of military appearance walks into the saloon, and, taking up a position at the further end of the table, raps on the table with his knuckles. He informs us in a loud voice that he is about to amuse the company with a few of his celebrated imitations, and straightway the cabin re-echoes the notes of feathered songsters. Now we are listening to a whole posse of canaries; then goldfinches, thrushes, linnets, and the sweet melody of the lark. Of a truth, he proves a most accomplished mimic, and merits the applause and the few coppers bestowed upon him.

He has no sooner retired than a female takes his place. She carries a basket crammed full of opera glasses, and a variety of nic-nacks, all of which she assures the company are to be raffled for—tickets a franc each. Many are the francs she collects from the uninitiated. Then a little boy fetches in a bag, and draws out a number. Some one in the company (probably an accomplice) shouts out, "That's mine." The prize is handed over to him, and the woman coolly walks away, assuring the crest-fallen proprietors that all the rest are blanks! She has pocketed about fifty times the value of what she has parted with.

At 3 p.m., and we have arrived at Valence. Here our Yorkshire friends bid us adieu, and we are reduced to the talkative and amusing Spanish bishop. Another omnibus conveys us to another train; and we rush forward at immensely increased speed, for there are no other trains to interrupt us on our journey. At half-past 9 p.m., after catching several glimpses of the Mediterranean, we arrive in safety at the Marseilles terminus. Here, again, we encounter our luggage, and, paying another fare for these, to be conveyed into the town itself, we get into an omnibus. Bustling men rush about with long ladders, and secure the luggage on the top of our 'bus. In five minutes we are jolting over the roads towards the Place Buonaparte; and at half-past ten on the evening of the 30th of November, we are shown into a comfortable room at our hotel.

We left London Bridge at half-past 6 p.m., 27th November.
Reached Dieppe . . . 8 a.m., 28th November.
" Paris . . . 10 p.m., ditto.
" Lyons . . . 8 a.m., 30th November.
" Marseilles . . . half-past 10 p.m., ditto.

In all, seventy-six hours from leaving London Bridge, from which may be subtracted the following delays, viz.—

Delay at Newhaven, from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. . . . 4 hours
Ditto at Dieppe . . . 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. . . . 2 "
Ditto at Paris . . . 10 p.m. to 2 next day . . . 16 "
Delays for refreshments and for express to pass, say 2 "

Total delay 24 hours.

So that fifty-two hours, and an outlay of about £5, will conveniently carry a man from the fogs of a London November to the sunshine and mild atmosphere of Marseilles: which is what I call speedy and cheap travelling.

JOHN TRYER, THE SELF-HELPER.

A STORY FOR BOYS, ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day John was impatient to start. He could scarcely await the dawn, and rose before the sun to get ready for his journey. He hung on his bag and tied a cord round his body, to which he fastened his axe, took his umbrella, and set off triumphantly. But first he visited the cocoa-nut tree to put one or two nuts into his bag, went to the shore to gather what oysters he could find, and refreshed himself with a good draught of clear water. It was a delightful morning. The sun rose in full glory out of the sea, gilding the tops of the trees. A thousand large and small birds, of brilliant plumage, sang their matin song, and rejoiced in the new day. The air seemed as pure and refreshing as if just created by God, and the sweetest fragrance exhaled from the herbs and flowers. John's heart swelled with joy and gratitude to his Maker. "Even here," he said to himself, "God is made known as the all-bountiful one." Then he mingled his voice with the song of the birds, and sang aloud this morning hymn, which he remembered having learned:—

"Thanks and praise be thy first work,
My newly-wakened soul,
To God, who hears thy morning hymn;
O praise his name in all.

"Too feeble to protect myself,
I laid me down and slept:
Who sent me this refreshing sleep?
Who round me watch hath kept?

"Thou, my dear Lord, 'twas thou alone;
To thee I owe my life;
Thou art my good preserver still,
Protecting me from strife.

"Praise be to thee, O God of power,
Praise for thy faithfulness,
For granting, after gentle sleep,
This new day's happiness.

"Let now thy blessing rest on me,
Make me to keep thy ways,
And teach me, for my Saviour's sake,
To live unto thy praise."

Still fearing to meet with savages or wild beasts, John avoided the forests or thickets as much as he could, and rather chose such places as afforded an open prospect on all sides. But these were the most unfruitful parts of the island, and therefore he walked some distance without finding anything that could be of use to him. At last he saw some plants, which he resolved to examine more closely. They grew in a little crop. On some he saw red, on others blue, and on others white blossoms; while on some, instead of flowers, he found little green apples, about the size of large cherries. They were potato plants, but John did not know them in their wild state. He tasted one of the apples, and found it disagreeable. In vexation he tore up the plant, and found numerous large and small lumps hanging to the roots. These he guessed to be the proper fruit, and began to examine them; but they were too hard and tasteless to be eatable. However, he put some of them in his bag, and proceeded slowly and cau-

tiously on his way. Every sound terrified him, and made him grasp his axe to defend himself; but there was no real cause for fear.

At last he came to a brook, where he determined to eat his dinner. He sat down under the shade of a tree, and began to feast with a good appetite, when suddenly he was alarmed by a distant rustling. He looked anxiously round, and observed a whole herd of wild animals, resembling deer, only with much longer necks, which made them somewhat like camels. These were llamas. Their proper country is Peru, in South America, which belongs to the Spaniards. Therefore they are called Peruvian sheep, though they have nothing to do with sheep, except that they have very fine wool. The Americans had tamed this animal before the Europeans had discovered their country, and they used it, like the ass, for carrying burdens. They also used the wool for their clothing.

When John saw these animals approaching, he felt a great desire to obtain their flesh for food. So he placed himself behind the tree, hoping to be able to strike one of them with his axe. The unsuspecting creatures, who had probably never been disturbed by man, passed by the tree to go to the water, without any apprehension; and, as a young lama came within his reach, he struck it so heavily on the neck with his axe, that it instantly fell dead.

To kill or torture or to distress animals unnecessarily is a cruelty which no good man should commit; but we are not forbidden to slaughter and employ them for our need. It if even a benefit to them that we so use them; for if we had no need of them, we should not bestow care on them, and then they would not be so well off as they now are, and many of them would die of hunger in winter. If we did not slaughter them, they would suffer much more by death from sickness or old age, because they cannot help one another, as human beings can do. Besides, as they do not foresee the death we inflict, they are happy till the last moment, and their pain is soon over. There is also no choice. Either we must eat animals, or they must eat us. If we did not kill them, they would so multiply that there would not be sufficient land and nourishment on the earth for ourselves; and many creatures, who now are harmless, would be driven by hunger to devour us.

When John had slain the young lama, he began to think how he should prepare the flesh for eating. He had none of the requisites for cooking, not even fire. However, he resolved to return with the animal to his dwelling, carrying it across his shoulders. On his way back he made another fortunate discovery. He saw six or eight lemon trees, under which lay some of the ripe fruit which had fallen. These he carefully gathered, and marked the place where the trees stood. His first labour on reaching his inclosure was to strip the young lama of its skin. This he managed with a sharp stone, instead of a knife. The skin he spread in the sun to dry, as it was a valuable article, from which he might make a coat and shoes for the rainy season.

After he had stripped the animal of its skin, and taken out the entrails, he cut off a hind quarter for roasting. To obtain a spit, he cut down a

slender young tree, peeled off the bark, pointed one end of it, collected some forked branches on which to rest it, and having stuck these into the ground opposite one another, he placed the spit across the forks, and was glad to find that it turned very well with the meat hung on it. And now the essential part—the fire was only wanting. To produce this, John cut two sticks from a dry stem, and rubbed them together till the perspiration dropped from his face. But he could not succeed; for when the wood became not enough to smoke, he was so tired that he was obliged to pause a moment to recover, and the wood again cooled. This made him feel the helplessness of a solitary life, and the great service men gain from one another. If he had but one companion, he could have attained his object.

John, however, might have succeeded if he had known that two sticks of different wood, one hard and the other soft, will kindle by rubbing the hard one very rapidly against the soft; or, if he had made a hole in one stick, and put the other into it, and turned it round between his hands without stopping, till it began to burn.

At last he threw away the bits of wood in despair, sat down, casting many sad glances at the nice meat he could not roast for want of fire. This made him think what he should do in winter. Full of melancholy, he sprang up to ease his mind by walking. His agitation so heated him that he went to the spring to refresh himself. With the water he mixed some lemon juice, which was very cooling and agreeable. But still he longed for the roast meat, and, while thinking how to obtain it, he recollected having heard that the Tartars put the flesh they are going to eat under their saddles, and ride on till it becomes tender. John resolved to adopt something like their plan. He took two broad smooth stones, laid a piece of flesh between them, and hammered the upper stone with his mallet. After doing so for about ten minutes, the stone grew hot, and by continuing this process for half an hour, the flesh became so tender, from the heat and the hammering, that it was quite eatable. It was not, indeed, as good as if it had been properly cooked; but John had been so long deprived of meat that he was not over particular. "Ah!" thought he, "you, my countrymen, who are so dainty that the best food often causes you disgust, because it is not exactly according to your spoiled tastes, could you be only one week in my place, how contented would you become for every gift of God in future! How careful would you be to avoid ingratitude to the all-bountiful hand of Providence, by any disdain of wholesome food!"

To improve the taste of his meat, John squeezed some lemon-juice on it, and made such a repast as he had not had for a long time. Having finished dinner, he began to consider what work he had best undertake next. The dread of winter made him determine to employ some days in providing himself with lamas, for the sake of their skins. As they seemed so tame, he hoped to obtain them without much difficulty. With this hope he retired to rest, and a comfortable sleep rewarded him for the toils of the day.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN slept far into the following day. He was

startled to find how late it was on awaking, and hastened to set out in search of lamas. But, on looking out from his cave, he perceived that a violent storm of rain made it impossible to go out. The rain continued to increase, and the lightning was so bright, that his otherwise dark cave seemed quite in a blaze. Thunder, such as he had never before heard, succeeded the flashes, and the earth shook with a terrific crash, which the mountains echoed back.

John sat in a corner of his cave, and was at first in great terror; but his mind was gradually calmed as he remembered that the thunder and the lightning were under the control of the Almighty, without whose permission they could not harm him. God never forsakes any one who trusts him with his whole heart and seeks his favour. John remembered, too, how much God had already done for him in saving his life from such great perils, and helping him so far. He therefore had confidence in his dealings with him now.

In the afternoon the storm began to abate, and hope revived in the heart of the solitary. He rose up to set out with his bag and his axe, when suddenly he was thrown down senseless on the ground. The great tree to which he had fastened his rope-ladder had been struck by lightning, and a large branch had fallen just before the entrance of the cave, causing the earth to shake with the crash. When John came to himself, he saw what had happened, and at first feared that the whole tree had fallen. But the rain having ceased, he resolved to go forth; and to his great joy and gratitude, he saw that the trunk of the tree was in a blaze. Thus divine Providence provided for him, just at the time that he thought himself forsaken. Often are benefits given us by those means which we think most disastrous, for God has wise and benevolent designs, even in the calamities he permits in the world. Then John lifted his hands in thankfulness, and exclaimed—

"Oh! what a short-sighted being is man, that he dares to murmur at what God does, though he understands it not."

Without further trouble he had a fire, and this he could easily keep up. He therefore abandoned the thought of hunting for that day, and took advantage of his good fortune to cook the meat he had by him. The sight of fire was very grateful to him; it was a precious gift of God; and knowing the great benefit it would prove, it filled his mind with thankfulness. He had missed the taste of salt at his former repast; but he hoped to find some on the island. At present he merely went to the beach to fetch a cocoa-nut shell of salt water. With this he sprinkled the meat. We may imagine with what pleasure John made his meal.

The next question was, how to prevent the fire from being extinguished. While considering this matter, he accidentally observed a very large projecting stone on the rocky hill, about three feet above the level ground. Notwithstanding the late heavy rain, the spot beneath this stone was quite dry. This satisfied him that he had found a safe hearth for his fire. He also perceived that he might convert it into a regular kitchen, with a fire-place and chimney. So he determined at once to set to work. He would dig out the earth under

the stone three feet deep, and then inclose the two sides with a regular wall, as high as the projecting stone. Necessity made him very observant, and he had noticed a certain clay which might be made into bricks. The rain had so softened it, that he could cut it without difficulty into smooth, square bricks. In a short time he had prepared a good quantity of them, and placed them where the sun would shine on them the whole day.

Though John felt grateful, he could not forbear frequently sighing: "Oh! if I had but a single friend for my companion, to whom I could open my heart, and who would feel affection for me in return! I should even be happier in the possession of some tame animal—a dog, or a cat—to whom I could show kindness, and gain its love. But alas! I am utterly alone!" These reflections brought tears into his eyes, and bitterly reminded him of the times he had quarrelled with his companions. "Ah!" thought he, "how little then I knew the value of friendship. Could I be once more in my former position, how kind and obliging would I be to others! Oh, that I had felt so, before the opportunity was lost to me for ever!" In the midst of these sad reflections he observed a spider, that had made its web in a corner of his cave. Even to have a single living creature on a friendly footing with him would be some comfort, and he resolved to endeavour to tame it.

WHAT WILL MAKE A DEATH-BED EASY?

"ALLOW me to ask your opinion, sir, as to what would make a death-bed easy," said the Princess Charlotte to a minister of the gospel who called upon her. The gentleman started at so unexpected a question from a young woman blooming with health and in so high a station, and he expressed surprise that the princess should consult him, when she had access to persons who were so much more capable of answering her inquiries. Her reply was, that she had asked the same of many, for she wished to collect various opinions on that all-important subject. Thus pressed, the clergyman felt it to be his duty to be faithful. He therefore recommended her to study the Bible, which he said represented *faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only means of making a death-bed easy*. The princess burst into tears, saying, "Oh! that is what my grandfather has often told me; but then he used to add, that I must not only read the Bible, but I must pray for the Holy Spirit to enable me to understand its meaning."

When the visitor rose to depart, the princess begged he would remember her in his prayers. The good man replied, that he did pray for her, not only from a sense of duty, but from inclination also; adding, that she might therefore rely on an interest in his poor prayers. "Do not call them poor," said her royal highness, "for you know that 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'" The princess shortly after was unexpectedly called to the trial of an early death; and let us hope that she had taken heed to the pious counsel that was given her.

Reader! do you feel any anxiety about this matter? You too may soon be stretched upon a

dying bed—a bed of pain and sorrow, from which no earthly power can save you; and nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus can make it easy. We subjoin some testimonials to Christ's faithfulness.

Dr. Payson, in his dying charge to the young men of his congregation, assembled round his bed, gave this testimony:—"I wish to tell you what a precious pilot Christ is, that you may be induced to choose him for yours. I feel desirous that you should see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. I have many ties which bind me to earth, but the other world acts like a much stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this. While my body is tortured, the soul is perfectly happy and peaceful, more happy than I can possibly express to you: my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me; and I know, *I know*, that my happiness is but begun. I cannot doubt that it will last for ever! And now is all this a delusion? is it a delusion which can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances?—No, it is not a delusion, I feel that it is not; I do not merely know that I shall enjoy all this—I enjoy it *now*. All this happiness I trace back to the religion I have preached, and to the time when that great change took place in my heart which I have often told you is necessary to salvation; and I now tell you again, that without this change you cannot, no, you cannot, see the kingdom of God."

The following is the dying testimony of Mrs. Hannah More:—"Jesus is all in all! happy are they who are expecting to be together in a better world! The thought of that world lifts the mind above itself. To go to heaven!—think what that is. To go to my Saviour, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! It is a glorious thing to die." When some one spoke of her good deeds, she replied, "Talk not so vainly; I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross."

The mother of the Rev. Basil Wood, when on her death-bed, took her son by the hand, exclaiming, "My dear, God has been very gracious this afternoon;"—he had left her for his public service—"he sent my son from me, but he sent himself to me. Oh! I am very happy; I am going to my mansion in the skies—I shall soon be there. Let me tell you by my own experience, when you come to lie upon your death-bed, an interest in Jesus will be found a precious possession. Oh, what a mercy of mercies that we should be brought out of the bondage of Egypt, and united together in the kingdom of God's dear Son!"

Reader! have you faith in the Lord Jesus Christ? If you have not, hearken to the words of an old divine, inviting you to come to Jesus:—"Have you sins, or have you none? Is there a life to come, or is there not? If there is, whither should you go but to Him who only hath the words of eternal life? Is there a wrath to come or is there not? If there is, whither should you go but to him who only can deliver from the wrath to come? And will he not receive you? If he yielded himself into the hands of them that sought his life, will he hide himself from the hearts of them that seek his mercy?"*

* This can be had for circulation in a separate and larger form.

Varieties.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE DEEP.—If mere beauty of appearance is in question, the waters need not yield the palm of loveliness to the land. The deep has its butterflies as well as the air. Fire-flies flit through its billows, as their terrestrial representatives dance and gleam amidst the foliage of a tropical forest. Little living lamps are hung in the waves and pour out their silvery radiance from vital urns, which are replenished as fast as exhausted. The transparency of some of the inhabitants of the waters gives them an appearance of fairy workmanship, which is perfectly enchanting. The globe berce (*Cydippe pilus*) resembles a little sphere of the purest ice, about the size of a nutmeg. It is furnished with two long, slender, curving tentacles, each of which bears a number of filaments, twisted in a spiral form along one of its sides. Eight bands are seen to traverse the surface of this animated orb, running from pole to pole like lines of longitude on a terrestrial globe. To these bands are attached a number of little plates, which serve the purpose of paddles; for the creature can work them so as to propel itself through the waters, and either proceed in a straight line, or, like a steam-boat, turn in any direction, or, unlike that vessel, whirl round on its axis and shoot downwards with infinite grace and facility. But, not to dwell upon the beauty of the mechanism, is there not something fascinating in the idea of crystalline creatures? Suppose we had transparent horses, or diaphanous dogs or cats with a glass exterior, which would permit the circulation of the blood and the working of the organs to be distinctly seen.—*British Quarterly Review*.

A DANGEROUS LEAF.—On the coast of Devonshire I had wandered on the ledge of a cliff, wide at first, but which narrowed and narrowed until it came to nothing. I had reached this extreme point, loaded with a heavy portfolio; some feet above me the rock was perpendicular, and so beneath me, perhaps two hundred feet; I could neither proceed nor recede. I had no space to turn in; for the wall of stone pressed upon me. What was to be done? About a yard before me I saw a mere bit of rock, just of a size to bear at least part of my foot, projecting from the otherwise smooth surface, and above that I perceived a tuft of earth and weedy grass growing from a crevice within arm's reach. If I could reach, and for a moment retain my foot upon this little projection, and at the same time take hold of the tuft—if that, peradventure, should be strong enough not to come away—I might scramble up to the top of the down and be saved. I was able in an instant to see all, measure all with an accurate eye, and calculate my leap. There was not a moment's hesitation—the scheme of safety was concluded; I quietly let drop my portfolio, and the bit of rock and grass tuft were firm, and I escaped. But when I reached the top, there being no further need for action, I fell on my face and trembled like a leaf. It was then only that the fear of danger came upon me. I had cause indeed for serious reflection; nor is it much to say that I was thankful.—*"The Sketches" of the Rev. John Eagles.*

THE LAST OF PITCAIRN'S ISLANDS.—This living romance is over. The whole community is about to be transferred to Norfolk Island by gift of the Government. The "Colonial Church Chronicle" announces the following account of the new home:—"The convict establishment was withdrawn from Norfolk Island on the 7th of May, and is at present occupied by an assistant commissary storekeeper, with a few hands engaged in rendering into tallow the surplus sheep. The rest are intended for the Pitcairn Islanders—who are daily expected to occupy the island—comprising fifteen square miles of land, capable of tillage; 800 acres cleared and fenced; beautiful roads intersecting the eighty-one substantial buildings, including chapel, school-room, hospital, barracks, dwelling-houses, cottages, mills, and workshops; together with household furniture, artisans' tools, and agricultural implements, the gardens stocked with seed, and the farms with 2000 sheep, 300 cattle, horses, pigs, and poultry."

THE GLORY OF TREES.—There is another beauty produced by a number of differently-formed trees standing on the same lawn, and each showing its separate mould

and features. For as one star differeth from another in glory, and as one saint in heaven differeth from another in glory, so one tree differeth from another in glory. There is one glory of the oak, which looks as if it had faced a hundred storms, and, having stood them all, were ready to face as many more; another glory of the sycamore, "that spreads in gentle pomp its hoisted shade;" another glory of the birch, so graceful in the midst of its maiden tresses; another glory of the elm, throwing out its wide arms as if rejoicing in its strength; and another glory of the lime, with its sheltered shade inviting us to enter and to linger.—*Dr. McCoak's "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation."*

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox 14 or 16; lions are long-lived. Pompey lived to the age of 70. The average of cats is 14 years; a squirrel and hare 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, had dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found 354 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 20. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10. Cows live about 15 years; Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1000. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens have frequently reached the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 360 years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 290 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

THE BELOOCHEE MANNER OF GOLD-MAKING.—The Beloochees have the most singular ideas of an European that can well be conceived: struck with all they have heard and seen of their power, intelligence, and riches, they think not only that they can make gold, but also that their bodies, and everything belonging to or in contact with them, contains the precious metal. A few years before the date at which I am writing, Ali Khan received a visit at Sheik Nassoor from an English doctor of the name of Forbes. He had been warned of the consequences which would assuredly befall him if he ventured within the clutches of this monster, but it was of no use—he was bent upon undertaking the journey, and paid the penalty of his curiosity with his life. Ali Khan murdered him in his sleep, and hung poor Forbes's body up in front of his own tent, which he ordered to be deluged with water during fifteen days consecutively. "You will see," he said to his people, "that this dog of an infidel will at last be transformed into good ducats." Finding, however, to his great amazement, that this proceeding did not produce the expected result, he thought he would boil the water with which the corpse had been washed, but with no better effect. It then occurred to him that the doctor, to play him a trick, had before his death made the gold pass from his body into the clothes and books which filled his trunks. Instead of burning these articles, which had been his original intention, he had them cut and torn into little bits, and mixed with the mortar destined to plaster his house. He had not yet had occasion to use it, but he informed us, as he related the details of this disgusting tragedy, that when he did he expected to see his house covered with a layer of the precious metal. Nothing would ever have induced him to forego his belief, and he did not disguise from me that he would have been happy if he could have added my poor corpse to the mortar in question.—*Ferrier's "Journeys and Wanderings in Persia."*

THE ANCHOR OF PRINCIPLE.—Virtue is a steady principle, and gives stability to everything else; though, while good men live in a giddy and rolling world, they must in some measure feel its uncertain motions.